SummertimeSlick 2020

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SummertimeSlick 2020

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Prompt fills for SummertimeSlick

Ch1: Summer Nights + Truemates: S4 Hannigram (Explicit)
Ch2: Desert Island + Courting (bird dynamic): Hannigram AU (Teen & Up)
Ch3: Tentacles + Sex On The Beach (cephalapod dynamic): Hannigram S1 AU (Explicit

Notes

Summer Nights + Truemates (Explicit)

Will sighed, relaxing back and looking out over the ocean.

It was peaceful.

More peaceful than he could ever have imagined or wished for. After years of what had seemed an endless Winter in Baltimore, enjoying the warmth of late Summer evening seemed almost surreal.

The sound of the waves crashing on the beach, never coming up far enough to reach the porch of their beachfront home, was soothing. It settled him, comforted him.

As did the knowledge of his alpha being just there. Always there. Since the fall, whenever and whatever he needed, Hannibal was just *there*. As Hannibal had made clear he had always desired and intended to be.

“Hmm,” Hannibal hummed against his shoulder, his arms wrapped around Will’s chest, as naked as the rest of him.

Will became pliant, thinking of all the times he’d tried so hard to resist what was between them. But fate didn’t allow that resistance. They wouldn’t have been true mates had they not been compatible in every possible way. As much as Will had tried to deny it for so long.

“A beautiful night,” Will replied, which pulled another soft hum from Hannibal as the alpha began to rock Will on his lap. Will’s body automatically clenched around Hannibal’s thick girth inside him.

The omega let out a small gasp as Hannibal moved ever so gently, enough for a tremor of pleasure to run through Will. He ground himself down on Hannibal’s knot, letting his head drop back onto Hannibal’s shoulder so that his alpha could lean in and kiss him.

“You’re beautiful,” Hannibal muttered against Will’s lips, his hand caressing down the omega and resting on his cock, hardening once more at the renewed attention.

Will tilted his head until Hannibal’s lips pressed against his, opening to the soft kiss.

They moved gently together, a slow and wonderful grind that didn’t allow Hannibal’s knot to deflate. Sumptuous and sensual, a freedom in it. One they had found together beyond the reach of the FBI and their old lives.

Will sighed, loving the feeling of being so full.

And then Hannibal came inside him once more and it felt like pure bliss.

It really was a beautiful night.

Desert Island + Courting (Teen & Up)

Chapter Summary

When the plane went down, Will had hoped that a rescue would be swift. Instead he's stuck on the verge of heat, with the last alpha in the world he wants to be stranded with.

When the plane went down, Will had hoped that a rescue would be swift. He'd called in the mayday, given the last coordinates before the engine burst into flames.

There were so many islands in this region that he knew it might take a while to search them all, but almost a year later, he wondered if anyone had even tried.

Will considered daily how he should have just stuck to fixing boat engines like his dad, instead of planes. And then he'd got his licence and taken up crop dusting, then small private hires. In the last few years he'd built up a great business as a private charter pilot with his own small plane and prompt service.

It was insane, just thinking about how this happened. How something had spooked the flock of gulls on the water, how they'd flown straight into him. At least two had gone through the engine. There was nothing he could have done other than what he did do.

Land as best as possible.

He might have even been able to had he not lost the wing.

It was a heavy landing, the undercarriage taking the brunt as he managed to steer into the long expanse of beach, leaving a scar through the sand.

He looked over at the wreckage now. The cannibalised remains of what had been his livelihood. It still sat on the high end of the beach, part ravaged by the fire that he wasn't immediately able to put out. Hollowed out for the most part.

It was secure, and watertight. Too far up for the tides and too heavy to be bothered by the winds. But for Will, after the first week with no sign of rescue, he decided to build shelter further inland.

A man not unaccustomed to solitude, in fact he was quite in favour of it, it might not have been too bad.

If he hadn't been carrying a passenger when the plane went down.

Hannibal Lecter was the most pompous, flashy alpha that Will had ever had the displeasure of flying. He was a man prone to small talk, which Will was not. And often it was some

attempt at profound bullshitty purple prose that had Will rolling his eyes.

The worst thing was, feeling the need to challenge the alpha's view that Will was just some sort of grunt - an omega fighting against stereotypes - he had engaged in conversation. And the moment Lecter realised how smart Will was, he had tried to engage him all the more.

Will would not allow himself to enjoy such attention, regardless of how attractive the alpha was, and how engaging his conversation could be. He had no interest in the sort of posturing the alpha offered, and the prospect of having to spend the rest of his life on the island with the man filled him with dread.

At least, until he went into heat.

It had been a long Eleven months on the island and Will had never given up hope, right until that last moment, that rescue would come. He had hoped that the fact that his passenger was a world renowned doctor on the way to collect some sort of award at a huge conference, would have had them found quicker. But that just hadn't happened.

He'd been lucky in some respects. The reliance on fishing and foraging on the island meant his diet had been slightly lacking, which had already delayed his heat by weeks.

And for the most part he'd not had to deal with the proximity of an alpha, leaving the fuselage to him and barely speaking when they met to share food. If anything the man was subdued and out of sorts. Which Will probably should care about? But he had his own worries, which included trying very hard not to care about how well the alpha was, or wasn't doing.

Now he sat looking down the beach at the fuselage, the alpha's home, and trying not to move a muscle.

Every instinct in him was drawing him down there, but he was determined not to give in.

And nothing would sway him in that determination. There was no way that he was going to allow himself to give himself to Hannibal Lecter even if he just so happened to be the last alpha on-

Something caught Will's eye and his breath hitched.

Will had been in heat a little over a day and that was apparently long enough for the alpha's rut to be triggered on this lonely little island.

Lecter appeared on the beach in the most elaborate get up Will had ever seen. The remains of a pretentious suit, offset with flowers, vines and leaves from some of the most beautiful plants on the island, gave the alpha the sort of plumage that some would pay good money for in the shops.

Will swallowed. It made his stomach swoop in delight as much as he tried to deny it.

Usually an alpha only went to the effort or expense of creating a plumage if they intended to court someone.

Lecter couldn’t really mean to-

Will’s eyes went wide when Lecter suddenly moved in the time honoured tradition of alphas all over the planet.

A mating dance.

“Oh god,” Will groaned, his arousal suddenly surging.

And then Lecter began to sing, and it was all over. Will stumbled over the sand in an effort to reach the alpha and his perfect display.

Lecter’s dance became all the more frantic as he saw Will approaching, and Will couldn’t help but start shedding his own drab clothes as he made his way along the beach.

As much as he had hated the idea of this, and hoped for a rescue before there was even a chance of this, Will found himself acting as the stereotypical hen.

And whether he’d wanted it or not, it was now undeniable. Hannibal Lecter was his cock.

Tentacles + Sex On The Beach (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

Will loses his virginity.

Will gasped with need as he approached the shore, struggling to move over the dry sand and glad when it became damp and solid beneath his feet. His belly ached with this season's clutch inside him. He'd stripped from his clothes and now walked, naked in the cool night air.

He should be ashamed, he thought. Not that this was unheard of, but he wasn't one of *those* people. The sort that allowed themselves to be pleasured by… he shuddered at the thought. It wasn't about pleasure, it was about need. Usually he could go through this alone, take care of himself and then shed his unfertilised clutch when it was all over. But this time he felt different, he needed more.

Will was sure the only reason he was so turned on was because he was so desperate. He had reached a point in his life where his body expected him to have a mate, and to carry a clutch to term. Now nature was taking its course. And without any viable mates around, Will just needed… something.

He let out a sob as he reached the shore, feeling more the omega than he ever had before as the warm water lapped around his feet. In need of satisfaction, feeling the comfort of the waters the human race had once sprung from made him feel primal.

Will stood there for a moment letting the water ebb and flow over him.

He had read a few things. Tips, tried and tested methods.

If he just waded out and let the alpha cephalopods scent his peptides, they'd come for him. Or at least, he hoped, only one would come for him.

The idea of being gang banged by animals was terrifying, as much as it made him slick up a little more.

With a whine, Will started to wade out, a hand out along the rocks to one side.

He was almost neck deep when the first squid approached, it was small, curious. But it had no nerve to come closer, like a timid pet.

But the next was bigger. Almost Will's size. It circled around him lazily, reaching out a tentacle to explore Will. The sensation made Will moan, he could practically already feel his eggs ready to be fertilised. He wondered if an alpha's tentacles would feel so good.

Another pass and another curious touch, and then the squid got the idea. Maybe it had even mated humans before? Will's cock ached at the thought but he didn't move to pleasure himself. Instead he remained still, not wanting to scare the squid off whilst waiting for it to copulate with him.

Will was panting, more aroused than he probably should be, when the squid finally made its move. It wrapped it's arm around Will, holding him tight as Will began to release more peptides that would encourage the squid's useless sperm to the clutch he held inside him.

Quick enough that Will was almost knocked off balance, the squid took firm hold of him and pressed him to the rocky outcropping.

The squid was rough when it entered him.

No amount of discrete research had prepared Will for quite how rough. He knew some squid could be aggressive mates, but this was a violence he'd never felt before and he… he loved it.

Will's body thrashed as the squid fucked him, its strong arms wrapped around Will almost to the point of cutting off circulation. But all the same Will moaned and his eyes rolled with pleasure. He could barely keep his footing as he felt his orgasm suddenly wash over him.

He came hard into the water, spilling his omegan seed along with a copious amount of peptide fluid, slicking the way for the squid's relentless fucking.

Will moaned and writhed, able to move an arm enough to brace himself against a rock. And then-

"Let yourself go, Will."

"D-doctor Lecter?" Will gasped. Being roughly penetrated at the same time he had turned his face up to the rumbled words.

Eminent alphan psychiatrist and his rubber stamping paddle, Hannibal Lecter, stood watching him from the rocky outcropping he was braced against.

"You'll have a lot more fun if you just relax with yourself, Will." The alpha advised with a grin.

"You followed me?" Will struggled to get the words out as the squid drove into him.

The alpha's grin revealed his sharp beak.

"I'm your friend, Will. I was concerned." Hannibal crouched down, looking down at Will and the squid with some amusement.

"Concerned?" Will meant to sound angry, but the word came out as a cry as the squid's pace became relentless.

"Please don't be embarrassed, Will. You are not the first, and certainly won't be the last omega to use our cousins here for release." He gestured towards the squid. "In some cultures

it is considered quite acceptable for an unmated omega to do so."

Will whimpered at the words, wishing they didn't turn him on so much, especially not in front of the man he had to work with. Have *conversations* with.

"Have you done this before, Will?" Hannibal asked matter of factly, still observing their coupling intently. As though observing professionally.

Will grit his teeth and looked up, unable to help the cold, dark glare.

At that Hannibal raised a brow, and then a smile quirked briefly on his lips. "Am I to take it you were a virgin, Will? Before…" The alpha trailed off and gestured to the squid.

Will's cheeks flushed. He felt angry and humiliated. He didn't owe Lecter an explanation, but felt the need to say it anyway. "I've always handled my heats alone," Will spoke, grunting with each hard thrust. "But this time… I…." He shook his head.

"Drawing on my medical background, I'd say that you've reached that age where your body is in want of a mate. Regardless of what you mind says. And so you took control and decided on a mate for this moment. An astute choice, Will. After all, the alternative might have led to a bond with an alpha, which is something I know you have no desire for."

Hannibal's tone, his gentle smile, made Will want to punch him in the face. He was about to retort with something to suggest as much, when the squid moved slightly, it's mantle vibrating and sending Will into another spasm of pleasure.

"He's going to fill you soon, Will. Fill you with spermatozoa enough to wash over that waiting clutch inside you. You will feel so good, Will. So full and satisfied. You might even want to fantasise that he would indeed fertilise your eggs. That you would know the pleasure of squeezing them out of you one. By. One."

Hannibal's words drove Will over the edge again, a third orgasm as the squid reached its own peak. Will groaned and sobbed as he felt it, exactly how Hannibal had described. The squid's seed filling him and swamping his clutch.

And then the alpha was leaning down and his hand was in Will's wet hair, gently caressing him.

"Your mate did his job Will," Hannibal crooned as the squid began to unwrap itself and pull out. A sensation that made Will cry out and shudder. "But he will not hold you after. Will not stroke his hand over you belly and tell you how beautiful you'd look with a fertilised clutch inside you. He won't worship you and adore you."

Will was sobbing, emotionally wrung out from the satisfactory loss of his virginity, at odds with the hollow feeling the thought gave him. He was wrung out from the loss of the squid as it swam off, deserting him just as Hannibal had said. Just as he had wished, before the encounter had actually taken place.

“I won’t leave you, Will. I would hold you and worship you as you carried my clutch.” Hannibal spoke softly, reaching down into the water and pulling Will up onto the rock as the squid’s and his own fluids ran from the omega’s hole. He held Will’s shaking body against his own, no care for his bespoke suit.

“Hannibal…” Will muttered, grasping at him, wanting to be in his arms. His mind still reeling from the encounter, from the unexpected emotions of it. Fragile and suggestible due to the heat that still lingered.

Will was conscious of this, and of the fact that he might regret every moment of this evening when he woke in the morning. Even conscious of the fact that it was perhaps his growing closeness to the alpha that had brought about this whole circumstance.

And yet, the idea of waking in Hannibal’s bed, of the alpha thrusting into his peptide slick body and truly fertilising his clutch, seemed entirely the right thing to do.

“Take me home, alpha.” Will whispered against Hannibal’s ear, feeling the rumble in the alpha’s chest as he stood with Will in his arms.

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